NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 26.—VOL. XIX. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1807. NO 964.

THE

ATTACHED INDIAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

"As I was under the necessity of attending a court-martial, I had not an opportunity of calling upon the ill-fated Charlotte until late this afternoon, when I was informed by Mrs. Beason, that she had just taken a solitary walk. She directed me towards the beach, knowing that to be her favourite ramble, and I had scarcely enquired after her health when she burst into tears, and grasping my arm with a force that proved the anguish of her feelings, told me she was certain she had lost her beloved Clement's heart, for that she had only twice seen him during the whole of the preceding week.

"You have not lost his heart, my dear Charlotte, (said I) for he both loves and esteems you; it is necessity, not choice, that keeps him away: but I grieve to say he has been guilty of an action which I fear will imbitter his whole life. I paused—the agitated girl clasped her hands together; tears fortunately came to her relief, and after a few moments silence, she besought me to proceed. As I perceived her mind was worked up to the highest pitch of agony, I resolved not to torture her by suspense; and upon her enquiring when I last saw her lover, I candidly informed her he had left Portsmouth. At this intelligence she gazed wildly round her, and in a voice of terror and astonishment, exclaimed, "Gone!" But I need say no more, for you, my dear friend, witnessed the alarming effect this intelligence produced."

Here Byron closed his melancholy narration, which I blush not to acknowledge drew tears from my eyes; but I think the immortal Young says in his beautiful Night Thoughts, "Shame to the man who is ashamed to weep!" I was too much interested in the fate of the luckless Charlotte to suffer Captain Byron to depart without informing me by what means he had composed the perturbation of her mind, for upon entering the apartment he told me he had left her calm and resigned. "Her ingenuous heart (said he) was at first shocked at the deception which had been put upon it, but I soothed its resentment by dwelling upon her personal charms, which doubtless are sufficient to have warmed the bosom of an anchorite, and to those I attributed a failing too common at a youthful period of life. I first condemned, and then endeavoured to palliate his conduct in promising marriage when he knew that promise could not be performed, and finding she was resolved not to return again to Beason's, I immediately waited upon the worthy Mrs. Moore, briefly related Charlotte's affecting history, and intreated her to receive the lovely mourner under her friendly roof; this office it was that detained me so long from you. I was likewise under the necessity of calling upon that intriguing devil B———, who, provoked at the loss of so profitable a lodger, bestowed upon me a plentiful share of abuse."

So warmly were my feelings interested in the fate of the neglected Charlotte, that upon Byron's departure, when I retired to my chamber, sleep refused its balmy power, and Phoebus darted his rays into my window long before I was able to close my eyes; this unusual effect of an anxious imagination, made me unwilling to rise at the usual hour, and the clock had just struck ten when Byron entered my bed chamber, and without articulating a sentence, threw himself into a chair. So marked a sadness had overwhelmed his features, that I was persuaded some unexpected calamity had occurred, and alarmed at the agitation he laboured under, I conjured him to make me acquainted with the cause. Tears rolled down his manly cheeks in rapid succession, but the power of articulation was actually denied. I presented him with a glass of cold water, when clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, "Oh! why was not some delegated Angel sent from Heaven to preserve her valuable life.

A crowd of vague ideas rushed instantly upon my imagination, and that some fatal accident had happened to the unfortunate Charlotte, struck forcibly upon my mind. I again besought him to repose a confidence in a friend, who would not only share, but endeavour to mitigate his grief. He perused, and then drew a letter from his pocket, which he put into my hand, and in a few concise words informed me, that the object of our mutual solicitude was dead!

He had left her, as I before observed, the preceding evening in a calm and composed state of mind, apparently grateful for his kindness, and pleased with the maternal attention of the amiable Mrs. Moore. After supping tete a tete with her humane hostess, and at her request taking a small quantity of wine, she proposed retiring to her chamber, and requested to be indulged with paper and pens. As she spoke the English language imperfectly, Mrs. Moore expressed her astonishment at her being able to write, and intreated her to defer it until the morning, fearing it would deprive her of sleep. Charlotte, however, with a smile, assured her she should sleep sounder after having wrote; and in reply to the astonishment expressed at her being able to do it, said that the master who taught her, had not spared any pains, and that from her anxiety to prove grateful for his instructions, she used to study six or eight hours in the day. This account I received from Captain Byron, after having perused the affecting transcript of her thoughts, of which I took a faithful copy previous to its being sent to Sir Clement Danvers.

TO SIR CLEMENT DANVERS.

"And has Clement forsaken his own poor Charlotte? Oh, no! me cannot believe! And yet my throbbing heart be bursting, and my head—oh! how my head ache! Captain Byron weep over me when he tell me the sad news! oh, my Clement, why do you deceive poor Charlotte? Why you tell her, she be your life, your soul; and when she learn to behave like English lady, you make her English wife?

"You tell Charlotte your God know you speak truly! Oh, that was a sad, sad thing!—your God no let you deceive a poor girl, and let you bring her away from all her friends.—My poor father, I know, cry. My dear mother—O, my dear mother! the wicked Charlotte break your heart. And Charlotte's heart break to think of all these thing! to think that your God let such wicked stories tell. Yet Clement say to Charlotte, be a christian; and all christians always good men. No good to have a wife in England, and tell Charlotte you love her to your heart; but I will pray your God to forgive you for it, and when I go to Heaven I will pray again there.

You tell Charlotte, when you want her to be a christian, all good people go to Heaven when they die; my father *good*, my mother *better*, and my brothers very *good indeed*; so I shall see them all in Heaven, and tell them how poor Charlotte was deceived. No, my Clement, that is wicked thought; no, I will not speak one word about you, only pray God when you die to come there. Then you may love your Charlotte, for you often tell me Heaven is all a place of love, and then I will love you in spite of your wife. Oh! Clement, I am sick, I am very bad; my heart throb out of my side, and my head turn round, round, round, and my poor hand shake!

"Now I am a little better; I look at my Clement's picture, and it smile at Charlotte;—I kiss it, and say good night. Bad again; I write more to-morrow, for I must go to bed."

Here this affecting epistle terminated;—the agitated author of it had just thrown herself across the foot of the bed, without being able to take off her clothes. The shock which her susceptible heart had received was of too poignant a description for the delicacy of her nature to sustain, and had not death put a final period to her sufferings, there is little doubt but she would have fallen a victim to the most deplorable disease, a broken heart.

From delicacy I have given a ficitious name to the destroyer of poor Charlotte's existence; though it is doubtful to many, whether she died of that agonizing disease, a broken heart; for it was generally believed she had swallowed a subtle poison, with which, upon quitting her native country, she had cautiously been prepared. I have accurately transcribed the ill-fated girl's epistle; the only alteration is in the orthography of a few words, which, from her imperfect knowledge of the language in which it was written, could not fail to be false. It is her sentiments which are to be admired, as a mixture of reproach, love and tenderness: her ideas of the new religion she had embraced, are at once delicate and refined; and uncharitable must be the mind, which will not hope that her crime has been expiated by her sufferings.

REMARK—The folly of one man, is the fortune of another, and no man prospers so suddenly as by the errors of others.

Extract from the journal of a Pedestrian.

"It was night—darkness had spread her thickest mantle over the face of all nature, and concealed every distant object from my view; I had missed my road, the country was strange to me—the stars by twinkling light reflected on the bosom of the water, shewed me I was near the bank of a large river; but what river it was I knew not; fatigued and perplexed, I groped about for some spot to sleep away the tedious hours, till the light of day should again enable me to find my way out of the wood in which I found myself.

Now, as a man who has no bed had better sleep on the floor than not sleep at all, I thought as no better place afforded, I had better accept of a lodging in a kind of sheltered recess, in a rock which rose near the bank of the stream I lay down and endeavoured to chace away my cares and enjoy some repose—but something, a kind of dreadful presentment prevented me, the wind rustled among the branches of the trees, the waves murmured hoarsely, and the screech owl with her portentious notes interrupted the silence of the night. I heard voices of some persons near me; the speakers seemed to be in high altercation; I felt an involuntary shuddering, my hair began to erect itself on my head, like the bristles on a back of a pig, and a cold sweat forced itself from every pore, while I listened to the following interrupted dialogue.

"It is as good a time as any," said a female voice. "I say it is not," was the reply made by a voice which I easily discovered was that of a man, "the tide is a neap low and the body will be discovered." At this moment two human figures passed me; they seemed to be bearing a heavy burden, which, by the broken sentences I heard, I judged to be the body of some person whom they had murdered. How singular it is, said I mentally, that I should be placed here at this interesting moment—here a deed of horror has been perpetrated, and I alone am here to bear witness against the vile perpetrators.

These fine reflections were interrupted by "you had better throw him in now, you will wait till morning, and we shall be discovered." After some little opposition, the wife (as is often the case) carried her point, and I heard a heavy body fall into the water. Foolish mortals thought I, you think you are secure, but a guard is placed on your actions, and one who will strain every nerve to bring you to punishment. When the murderers had again passed me, I rose up, and, directed by the sound of their footsteps I followed them till I saw them enter a large house at no great distance from the river. The shades of night were now retiring before the approach of the gay and fragrant morn. I once more ventured forth—not to pursue my journey, but to search for some magistrate, to whom I might communicate what I had seen and heard; my road lay in front of the edifice above mentioned, and in passing, I heard a loud uproar, occasioned by the owner's blustering on account of a large baboon that was missing. I stopped by the side of a fence, and after listening to a long account of the coachman, who had been out late the preceding night, and had witnessed some of the transactions which I had seen, and which he now detailed to his master, I found that the body I had heard fall into the river was that of a baboon.

ALFRED.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

Founded on a real fact that happened in the Island of St. Christopher's.

BY MR. GRAINGER.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leap'd overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land;
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een;
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true?
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft, I ween, the new.

Her raven hair plays on the neck,
Like tendrils of the vine:
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away;
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad
She there impatient stood:
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave.
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the strand:
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist,
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore:
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring;
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew.
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you!

EPIGRAM.

The heart you gave me t'other day,
I've neither lent nor chang'd away;
But now 'tis so well mixt with mine
I really know not which is thine.

ANECDOTES.

A BLOW GIVEN, AND A BLOW RETURNED.

A Lady, who was about to be seperated from her husband, went to the place appointed for executing the writing, with her advocate and attorney. 'Sir,' said she to her husband, who was also there with his lawyers, 'I know nothing of the business, therefore ask me no questions: these gentlemen are here to state my reasons, and to receive your answers.' The husband having commenced by setting forth the complaints he had against his wife, among others, attributed to her injuries which she thought so insulting to her honor, that becoming at last impatient, she arose and interrupted him by a blow, which greatly disordered his wig. The husband, without being at all confused, adjusted his wig, and turning towards his wife's advocate: 'Sir,' said he, 'since it is you who are to receive my answers to this Lady, here is the one which I have to make her,' and he gave the advocate such a blow that he knocked him down, and the conference was broken up.

It having been reported to the Dauphin of France, that a man in that country had made a little coach so constructed as to be drawn by fleas, he asked the Prince of Conti, who he imagined made the harness? 'O! (replied the prince) probably some spider in the neighbourhood.'

A Man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever, a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to cure the fever and abate the thirst. 'Gentlemen, said he, 'I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever, and I will abate the thirst myself.'

A certain country squire asked a merry andrew, why he played the fool? 'For the same reason,' said he, 'that you do, for want. You do it for want of wit—I for want of money.

Ariosto built a small house to himself. Being asked by his friend, how he, who described the palaces in his Orlando, could content himself with so small an edifice? Words are cheaper than stones, replied the philosophic bard.

An Irishman and an Englishman falling out, the Hibernian told him, if he did not hold his tongue, he would break his impenetrable head, and let the brains out of his empty skull!

A man enquired the character of a person who had given him large orders for merchandize, observing, that it was better to cry over his goods than to cry after them.

A jockey once selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that he was an honest horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. 'Why sir, (replied the seller) whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me.'

The late Judge C. one day had occasion to examine a witness, who stuttered very much in delivering his testimony. 'I believe,' said his lordship, 'you are a very great rogue.' 'Not so great a rogue as you, my lord,—t-t-t-take me to be.'

From the Ballance.

Raise your thoughts to him who rideth in great majesty in the heavens. Seperate the cords that bind you to this transitory world, with its alluring but deceitful charms, and strive to reach the heaven of bliss. Gird on the sword of justice, and be at peace with all mankind. View the order of nature, and acknowledge the God that made you; for who can trace its comely wonders, and deny that the finger of Deity is imprinted on all its beauties.

If I were a preacher of divine truths, I should not pursue one beaten track from year to year, and confine my discourses, to simply delineating the deformity of vice, and the beauties of virtue; for a repetition of one set of words, begets such a heedlessness in the hearers, that they are unmindful of a particular sentence though it be well spoken; and to be well spoken there must be energy—for in nothing are speakers more deficient than a want of animation. Animation awakens the attention of the hearers, charms the senses—raises our thoughts above the grovelling walks of the bestial throng, and elevates the soul with a sense of the divinity of Christ. S.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 8, 1807

The city inspector reports the death of 49 persons (of whom 11 were men, 9 women, 22 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz Of cancer 1, consumption 11, convulsions 3, decay 2, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 1, typhus fever 5, infantile flux 5, gravel 1, hives 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, minorhagie 1, pleurisy 1, sore throat 1, sprue 1, sudden death 1, syphilis 1, teething 1, whooping cough 2, and 1 of worms.

It was reported at Baltimore on the 14th inst. that the volunteer corps which had marched from Richmond for Norfolk, were returning, the apprehensions of an attack on the latter place having been removed.

Attention, politeness and respect!

It is said that Commodore Douglass sent his compliments to the ladies of Norfolk, advising those who were not fond of English *bulls* to leave that place, as he should shortly give the citizens a treat, and that the ladies returned him word, "they would not avoid the pleasure of his company; but in return, their husbands and brothers would treat him with a favourite *jig* to the old tune of *Yankee Doodle.*

Baltimore paper.

On Friday last, the Effigies of Capt. Whitby, of the Leander, and Capt Humphries, of the Leopard, were burnt before the Court-House, in this city, amidst the acclamations of the people.

Sharp shooting.—On Monday last, (says the Providence Gazette of the 20th inst.) a gentleman of this town, celebrated for sharp shooting, hit four times successively with a rifle, a piece of paper the size of a dollar, set up edge ways, at a distance of eleven yards.

The account of lieut. Pike and his party being cut off by the Indians is totally unfounded. The latest information, entitled to credit, states that his party, having missed their route, and passed from the Red river to the Rio del Norte, territory of Spain had been arrested in their course in the month of February by a detachment of Spanish troops, and taken to Santa Fe and thence to Chihuahua, the residence of governor Salcedo, who had treated them with great attention, and given them liberty to return to the United States.

There is at the present time, a child of eight years old in this city, who is undergoing the most wonderful natural operation, which this part of the world has ever yet seen. For some time past he has constantly had a complaint in his head, which has been swelled to an unusual size. A few weeks ago he was seized with the most excruciating pains in that part, and it was shortly after perceived that one of his under jaw bones was detaching itself entire from the head. In a fortnight, extraordinary as it appears, one of his under jaw bones did really come out entire, and the other under jaw is at this moment forcing out in the same way. The bone already out is replaced by a new one; and it is apparent, that another bone is forming under that which is now coming out. The boy eats very hearty, and except when he is in pain, plays about with his comrades as if nothing ailed him. The above may be depended on as an undoubted fact; the parents of the boy are very respectable in society, and have shewn the bone to many who have called on them. And its truth can be vouched by most of the faculty in town, some of whom assisted Doctor Blake, in extracting the bone already out, when it was nearly detached.

Montreal Courant.

From a London paper.

A most awful event took place on Thursday last in the collegiate church of Southwell. A young man of the name of Cook had been for some time attached to a young woman of the same place; but peculiar circumstances, joined to his ill state of health had retarded their union. Cook was in the last stage of consumption, had been confined within doors five weeks and to his bed several days; his speedy dissolution appeared certain; nevertheless, on Wednesday evening he determined on being united to the object of his affections on the ensuing morning. Accordingly about 9 o'clock he was with difficulty dressed, and, the house standing on the verge of the church yard, assisted by the arm of his intended brother in law, performed his walk to the sacred edifice with a firmness which astonished the numerous spectators who were assembled at such an unusual scene. Throughout the whole of the ceremony his effort still supported him. The minister closed the book, exhausted nature could do no more: the bridegroom sunk lifeless at the altar! He was immediately conveyed home and every restorative medical aid could suggest, was ineffectually administered—the vital spark was totally extinguished.

RAGS

Cash given for clean cotton and linen RAGS at this office.

COURT OF HYMEN.

When fortune frowns, and friends forsake,
A loving wife still cheers us:
Our griefs or raptures she'll partake
Distresses but endear us

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, captain Asa W. Welden to Miss Mary Taylor, both of this place

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Levingston, Mr John Pearsall, to Miss Eliza S Lumpton, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr Stephen Allen, merchant, to Miss Sally Rooke, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Isaac Coutant to Miss Mary L. Howard, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

Our friends and kindred drop and die,
And helpers are withdrawn;
While Sorrow, with a streaming eye,
Weeps o'er our consorts gone.

DIED,

On Saturday night last, at her house no. 69 Pearl street, Mrs. Catharine Lawrence, relict of John Lawrence, Esq. formerly of this city, aged 74 years and 3 months.

In France, General de Rochambeau, aged 82, formerly a Marshal of France, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Commander of the French troops in the United States during the Revolutionary war.

At Savannah on the 22d ult. Mr. Adam Beach, a native of Newark, N. J. and for many years a resident of Savannah

At Jamaica on the 5th ultimo, Doctor W. S. Turner, Surgeon Dentist.

EPITAPHS,

ON AN UNDERTAKER.

Here lies Bob Mastere.—Faith! 'twas very hard,
To take away our honest Robin's breath;
Yet surely Robin was full well prepar'd—
Robin was always looking out for death.

Beneath this stone lies our dear Child.
Who's Gone from Wee
For ever more unto Eternity;
Where we do hope, that us shall go to He.
But he shall ne'er go back again to Wee

ENIGMA.

We are little airy creatures,
Each have different forms and features—
One of us in glass is set—
Another you will find in jet,
A third, less bright, is set in tin,
The fourth, a shining box within,
And the fifth, if you pursue,
It will never fly from you.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL TEETH,

J. Greenwood Dentist to our late Illustrious Washington, has lately returned from Paris, with a beautiful assortment of human teeth, other Materials, improvement, &c. in the line of his Profession, and continues to replace Teeth on improved plans, in the very best manner, at moderate prices; that every one he applies may be benefited. Every necessary explanation and information given free of expence, at his house No. 14, Vesey-Street, opposite St. Pauls Church yard.

August 8 964—1m.

COURT OF APOLLO

PHYLANTHOPY REWARDED.

Loud howl'd the wind, all Heaven was sabled o'er,
Lightning, in wild confusion seem'd to fly,
Old ocean mad'ning lash'd the wave-worn shore,
And grumbling thunder roar'd along the sky.

Oh scene of dread ! wild horror's fellest form
Danc'd, wrapt in darkness, as he flitted o'er;
Th' affrighted sea-bird, conscious of the storm,
Scream'd from afar, and wandered for the shore.

When Jack aloft, thus to his mates on deck,
' The wind—for heav'n's sake keep her in the wind,
Through streaks of lightning I perceive a wreck;
Up, up, bear up, let's help or foe or friend!

A rope was thrown just when the lightning blaz'd;
Two sinking tars, thus aided by its fire,
Caught it, were sav'd—bold Jack with transport gaz'd—
They were his brother and his aged sire.

——0000——

HARVEST SONG.

Now when summer fruits are over,
Yellow harvest smiles again;
Mown the hay and stack'd the clover,
Every field is bright with grain.

Ply the fickle, merry Reapers,
Soon as peeps the cheerful morn;
Come betimes, and shame the sleepers,
Snoring with their shutters drawn.

Haste, my lads, forget the trouble,
Join the reaper's merry song,
While across the crackling stubble,
Moves the loaded cart along.

Then with whistling, laughing, joking,
Bear the golden sheaves away;
While the harvest supper smoaking,
Shall your honest toils repay.

P. S. R.

000

IMPROMPTU.

By a Lady, on being asked what was the strongest proof of a daring mind.

Bold was the man whom doubt could not restrain,
From venturing o'er the unknown western main;
And bold the Hebrew youth, tho' low of birth,
Who made Philistia's champion kiss the earth.
The hero bold, who led his legions on
To save his country, 'cross the Rubicon.
Nor was he much inferior, who could dare
In a balloon to sail through liquid air;
Yet far more bold and daring is the youth
Who dares to tell a woman honest truth.
And she gives proof of fortitude and sense,
Who hears the honest proof without offense.

—000—

ANECDOTE.

A Justice of the Peace in Vermont, who was not very noted for his erudition, had a cause brought before him of rather an obscene nature; in which a female was introduced as a witness, who was not very delicate in the choice of words in her testimony.—The Justice observed to her, that she had *brass* enough in her face to make a five-pail kettle. To which she answered, 'Yes, Sir, and there is *SAP* enough in your head to fill it!'

MORALIST.

REFLECTIONS ON RESIGNATION

Resignation is a virtue particularly calculated to smooth the rugged paths of life. That kind indulgent providence who has made the consolations of religion abundantly to exceed the afflicting trials of this imperfect state has also ordained that submission to him, as his will, should lessen their weight which repining or impatience would serve but to increase. As the bending reed by yielding to the storm eludes its fury, while plants of a more stubborn nature are shivered by the blast.

Nor is this the only reward with which it is crowned: for by meekly submitting to misfortunes, which must be the lot of every son and daughter of humanity, the mind becomes sufficiently composed to view them as so many proofs of the divine favour—to take them as paternal chastisements, sent to wean us from our immoderate attachment to the transitory enjoyments we meet with here; and prepare us for a happier state, as superior to them as the powers and faculties of the soul are to those of the body. Regarding them in this light, we are naturally led to make a proper improvement of afflictions, and may hope the happiest effects from them; whereas an opposite conduct makes them only the harbingers of more real and lasting misery.

We should therefore remember, as an incitement to resignation that adverse events are but the means adopted by the sovereignty of our heavenly Father, to bring his children into the enjoyment of their purchased inheritance, in the blissful regions of Paradise.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,
No 164 Maiden-Lane,
Have on hand a constant supply of
Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do do.
Paper do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw triming and tassels.
With every article in the Millenary Line by Wholesale only.
November 926—tf

PETER STUYVERSANT,
LADIES SHOE MAKER,
Has removed his store from No. 115 to his old stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and a variety of fancy Kid of all colours, Kid Sandels Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.
The most punctual attention to business in the bespoke line.
N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West-India market. All orders will be executed with dispatch. May 23.

CISTERNS,
Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by ALFORD & MERVIN,
No. 15 Catharine-street, near the watch-house

FOR SALE,
A Black Girl, 14 years old, sober, honest, and industrious, Price 65l. Enquire at No, 279 Broadway

NOTICE.
J Wooffendale, Dentist, has removed from No84 Broadway, to No. 27 Partition-street, opposite the ower corner of St. Paul's church-yard
May 23 953—3m*

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS
FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO 114, *BROADWAY.*

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 & 8s each.
His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness clears and prevents the the skin from chopping. 4s per pot
Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass
Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square
Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls per quart
Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted
His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb
Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d
Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per pot, do paste
Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box
Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pear Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin
All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essence
Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb
Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glossing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from urning grey, 4s. per bottle
Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pamatums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do 2s
Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s and 4s per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted
Hispurified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s & 1s 6d
Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.
Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters
Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration which is not the case with Imported Perfumery
☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 3, 1807

THOMAS HARRISON,
Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woollen Dyer, No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broad-way, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.
N. B. Family's residing on any part of the Continent & wishing to favor him with their orders, shall be punctually attended to and returned by such conveyance that is most convenient
December 6.

PUBLISHED BY MARGT. HARRISSON,
NO. 3 *PECK-SLIP.*